The *MERCHANT* Outwitted;
OR, THE
Chamber-Maid's Policy.

LET every brisk be constant and true
Give ear to this ditty I tell unto you:
And maids, of your virtue I'd have you take care
For men will be false and your hearts ensnare.
In London there liv'd a merchant of late,
Who was blest'd with worldly riches great,
The only son of a rich 'squire, we hear,
Whose fortune was fifteen hundred a year.
His mother a beautiful maiden did keep,
Of courteous behaviour, and carriage so sweet,
This merchant a slave to her beauty did fall,
But she had no fortune, her beauty was all.
He said, I will try if I can her enjoy,
I'll make her rich presents, her heart to decoy
If I can delude her to yield to be kind,
Perhaps it may ease my poor troubl'd mind.
This charming creature, too for her part,
Loved the merchant, he'd wounded her heart;
But she all her passion of love did conceal,
For she thought it in vain if she did it reveal.
Because he was so rich, gallant and great,
And must have a wife to match his estate;
His passion for her she did little know,
But since on a time it happened so,
This maiden got leave of her lady, we hear
To go and visit her parents so dear,
She made this excuse to go out, it is said,
Her intent was to go to the masquerade.
Because that this merchant was to be there,
She hired the dress of a Shepherdess fair;
So charming she looked in each degree,
Which made her admired by all that her see.
To masquerade she did then repair,
So sweet she danced, amazed all there;
Her person a vast many Lords did admire,
And to see her face had a longing desire.
The merchant took her his partner to be,
A glance of her face he chanced to see:
He said, lovely Susan, now since you are here,
The truth of my mind I mean to declare.
He told to her then the truth of his mind,
And desiren of her, that she would be kind;
That he was resolved to make her his wife,
Or else he would soon put an end to his life.
She said, Noble 'squire, I'm but poor and mean,
And you are a person of honour and fame,
You do not intend to make me your wife,
I'll not be your harlot so long as I have life.
My charming sweet creature, he then did reply,
Before I'll betray you, I sooner will die;
Now I am resolv'd my wife you shall be,
Though my Parents should be angry with me.
He gave her fine Presents of costly Things
A Watch of Gold and Diamond Rings;
Saying, Now in a golden Coach you shall ride,
So quickly my Jewel I'll make thee my BRIDE.
With loving Embraces they parted that Night,
No rest could he take for this Beauty so bright,
She run in his Mind, that he must enjoy,
Wherefore he resolved her VIRTUE to try.
One Night they appointed to meet in a GROVE,
And then he began to address his fair Love.
My dearest of BEAUTIES, one Favour I crave,
But if you deny me, I go to the Grave
What is your Request, the Damsel reply'd,
I give my consent to be thy BRIDE,
But if you attempt my HONOUR to stain.
The sight of you I ever will disdain.
He finding so plainly she did him deny,
He took out his rapier, and said, I must die:
I cannot think, she said with a smile,
To die for a Woman is not worth your while.
Beauty is a Flower that quickly will fade,
A Woman is nothing when VIRTUE's betray'd;
You would not Defile what you seem to admire
There is Harlots enough to quench your Desire.
He finding that she'd not be brought to his Bow,
The flame in his Bosom did the fiercer glow;
Her Virtue was so fixed in his Mind,
That each Day to love her, he was more inclin'd.
At length this Damsel a frolicksome Part,
Against the Merchant design'd in her Heart:
Says she, He loves WHORING, I'll fit him as well.
I'll chose him a Bedfellow fit to his Will.
There is an old Bunter has but one Eye,
No Teeth in her Head, and her Nose all awry;
A nasty old Devil as ever you see,
I'll chuse her the Merchant's bedfellow to be.
She called this Woman one Day to the Door,
Saying, you I consult, altho' you are Poor;
I will amply pay you for what you shall do,
And you shall have a fine Bedfellow too.
She told her the Progress she meant to take,
When the Bunter said, Her Council she'd take;
Then unto the Maiden next Day she did come,
Who safe did convey her into a Room.
She lent her a Smock of the finest Lawn,
When on her tawny Hide it was drawn,
She look'd like the Devil fell among Snow,
So she to the Chamber-maid's Room did go.
She said, Your Spark in the Night will come,
Then if to rifle you he does presume,
One Word utter not, but seem very shy,
But at last to his Will you must fairly comply.
She having proceeded so far in the Thing,
She sat up till Midnight when the Merchant came in
He rang at the Bell, she opened the Door,
And thus for her love began to implore.
How can you deny me the Thing that I crave,
Love me, or send me at once to the Grave.
But the damsel said, if I could believe
You would Marry me, consent I would give.
No sooner the Merchant these tidings did hear
But powerfully he began to swear,
He surely would Marry her if had Life,
And no other Woman should be his Wife.
She said, I'm asham'd to do this Thing,
I'll go in the Room, In the dark come in,
And so to my Bed, sir, excuse me, I pray,
For never a Word, Sir, I mean to say.
He said, Sweet Jewel, when I'm in your Arms,
No Matter for that, so I've but your Charms;
One hundred bright Guineas I'll give to my dear,
So go to Bed, for I long to be there.
So the Damsel straitway did go to the Room,
Saying, Make ready, for soon he will come;
But I in the Closet myself will conceal,
For to hear the Secrets her love would reveal
So the Merchant softly crept into the Room
And on the Bed-side he sat himself down;
Her Knees thro' the Counterpin he did Embrace
Old BESS in the Pillow did hide her sweet Face
He pull'd of his Cloaths and jumpt into Bed
Now lovely Creature, for your Maidenhead.
She struggled and strove, and seem'd to be shy,
He said, Divine Creature, I beg you'l comply.
But being Impatient, he made no Delay,
But just as he was in the midst of the Play.
He said, I do fancy you are not my dear,
By my Soul, your Skin is as rough as a Bear.
Your Carcase smells like the hide of a Boar,
You cannot be the Person whom I do adore,
Your Nose to my feeling stands awry,
No longer I'm able in Bed to lie.
He jumpt out of Bed, his Breeches put on,
Getting a Light to the Room he did come,
Oh! Heavens, cries he, what a sight is here?
Such a sight is enough the Devil to scare.
Thou Monster in Nature, how came you here?
But she with one Eye like the Devil did stare,
At length she took Courage, and jumpt out of Bed,
The tail of her Smock hung over her Head.
Then further the Merchant for to surprise,
She opened her Mouth, and sent forth such cries,
Then he runs down Stairs, being frighted sore,
And his Bedfellow followed him to the Door.
He opened the Door, and bid her be gone,
The Family hearing a Noise in the Room,
Did ask the reason? The Merchant said,
I'm basely Betray'd by your Chamber-maid.
So his Mother straitway the Chamber-maid call'd
Who did confess the Truth of it all.
She said to the Lady. Altho' I am poor,
I think myself too good to be your Son's Whore:
Nor Night nor Day could I be at rest,
I hope now the Passion is laid in his Breast,
For since he loves Whoring, I fitted him well,
Dear Madam, I hope you will not take it ill.
The Lady langh'd while her sides she did hold,
To hear the Story the Chamber-maid told;
Saying, Son, the Maid I can't Blaim on my life.
Therefore if you fancy her, make her your Wife.
Her Virtue and Beauty her Portion must be.
Then he hearing of what his Mother did say,
Did freely consent to make her His BRIDE,
So now in a Chariot of Gold she doth ride.
Young Virgins by this you may plainly see,
That VIRTUE's a Jewel commended to be,
Then strive like this Maid your Honour to keep
Which is better then Riches or Jewels so great.

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